

KONAMI



SILENT HILL

DYING INSIDE

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SILENT HILL: DYING INSIDE #1



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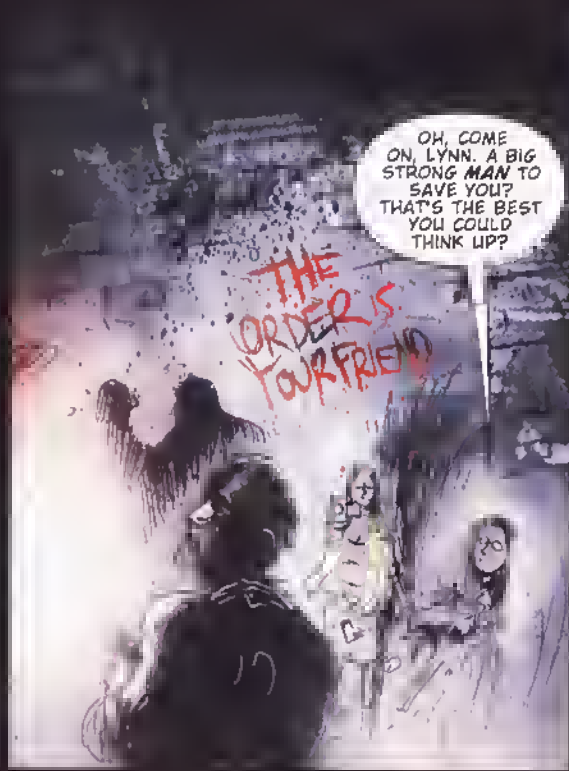
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I KNOW IT...

...I CAN FEEL
HIM OUT THERE.

EVERYONE WANTS
A PIECE OF ME.

AGENTS.
ATTORNEYS.
MANAGERS.

GOD, THEY'RE TEARING MY
SKIN OFF. FEEDING ON ME.

THAT'S HOW
IT FEELS.

DR. ABERNATHY?



CALL ME
TROY.

I COULDN'T.
REALLY.



I—I
CAN'T BELIEVE
I'M MEETING
YOU.

WHO
SHOULD I
MAKE THIS
OUT TO?

FRANCESCA.



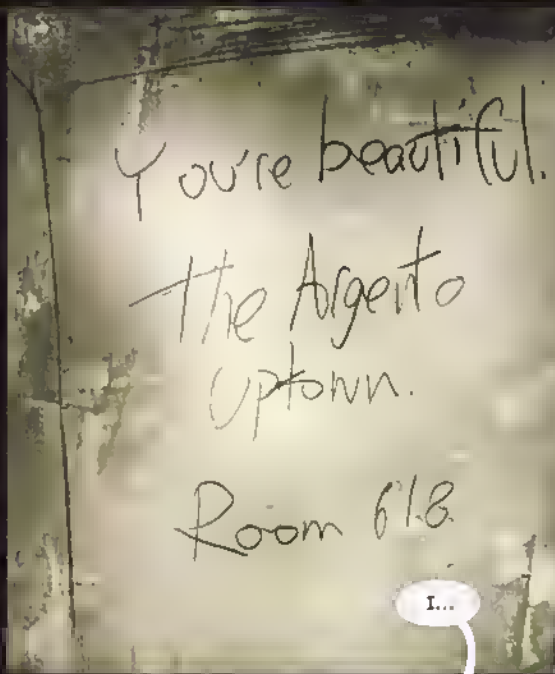
YOUR BOOK
CHANGED MY LIFE.
I SWEAR, BEFORE I
READ THIS, I WAS SO
SCREWED UP. IT WAS
LIKE, DRUGS, BOOZE, A
DIFFERENT GUY EVERY
NIGHT OF THE
WEEK.

IF I SAW
YOU A YEAR
AGO IN A
BAR...



WELL,
I MEAN...

UM, YOUR
WIFE. THE WAY
SHE... YOU MUST
STILL BE IN
MOURNING. AND
I DIDN'T MEAN
TO...



You're beautiful.
The Argento
Uptown.
Room 618

I...

UNSATISFYING.



NO DON'T
GO. I'LL DO
ANYTHING
YOU WANT.



ANYTHING.



ANOTHER RAGING
SUCCESS STORY.

AND THE ONLY THING
I WANT, SHE CAN'T
GIVE ME.



MAYBE THERE'S
SOMEONE WHO CAN...

LISTEN: I KNOW
WHY YOU STOPPED
DOING PRO-BONO WORK.
WE ALL MISS JULIANNA.
HER *SUICIDE* WAS A
TRAGEDY.

WE ALL
DEAL WITH GRIEF
DIFFERENTLY, SO I'M
NOT GOING TO LECTURE
YOU ON HOW YOU'RE
WASTING YOUR TALENTS
AND *THROWING AWAY*
YOUR GIFTS.

GOOD.
I—

BUT IT REALLY IS
THE *SHITS* TO SEE ONE
OF THE TOP TEN EP AND
EMDR THERAPISTS IN THE
COUNTRY SCREWING AROUND
WITH TRILLIONAIRE LAND
DEVELOPERS AND 20-MILLION-
DOLLAR-A-PICTURE ACTORS
TRYING TO GET INTO POLITICS
INSTEAD OF HELPING
PEOPLE IN REAL
NEED.

FUCK...

I REMEMBER
HOW YOU *USED* TO
BE. I'VE SEEN YOU
CONNECT WITH
PATIENTS. JUST LIKE
THIS WHEN NO ONE
ELSE COULD.

PHIL,
WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, PLEASE
SHUT THE FUCK
UP.


YOU'RE RIGHT.
ON A GOOD DAY, I
FEEL LIKE I'VE GOT
AN ARMY OF WORMS
DRAGGING STEEL
HOOKS THROUGH
MY GUTS.

I'VE
GOT ENOUGH
PRESCRIPTION DRUGS
AT HOME TO KILL A
THOUSAND ROCK STARS.
I'VE GOT EIGHT FIGURES
IN MY BANK ACCOUNT
AND THE WOMEN...
JESUS.

ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

DO YOU
WANT ME TO
TREAT THIS
GIRL OR
NOT?

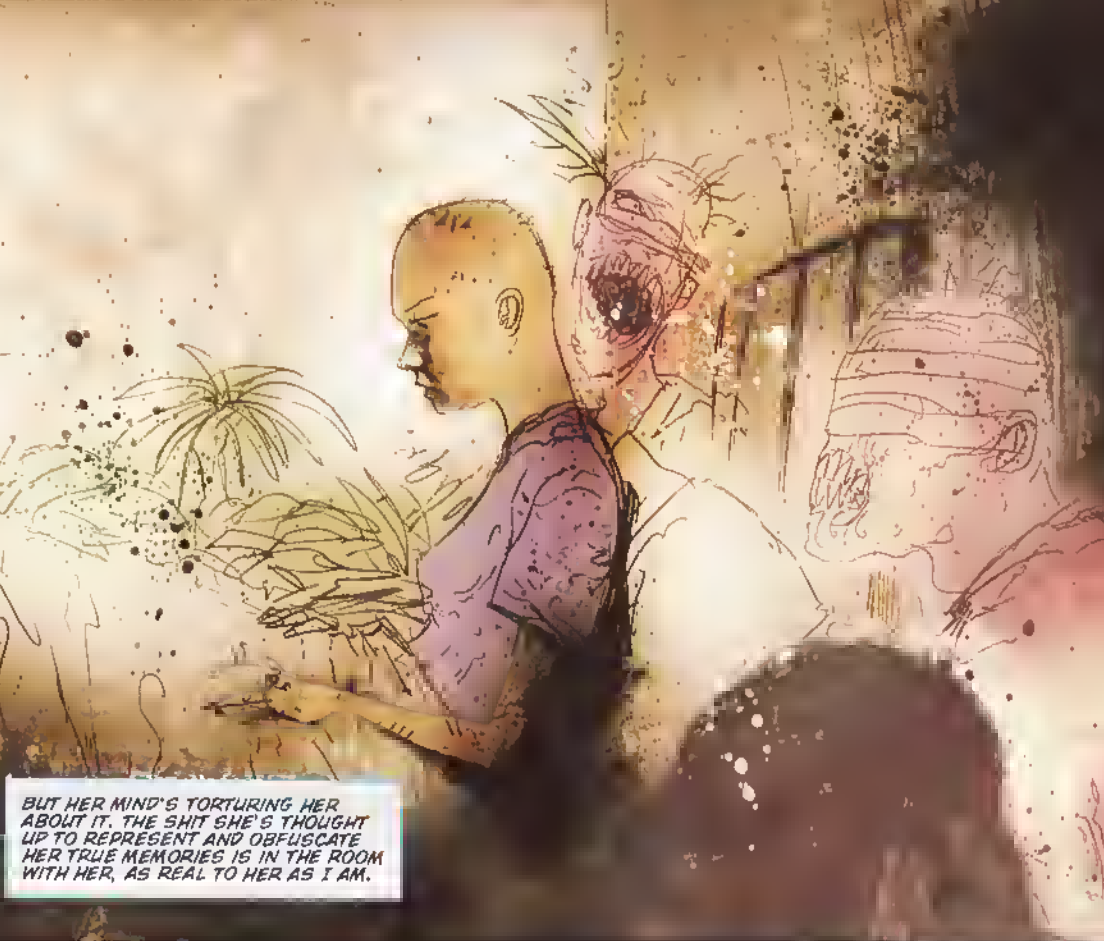
Hug
Hug
Hug



THE INITIAL CASE NOTES ARE BASIC BUT SEEM TO COVER IT. POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER, PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIA, ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

SHE'S BEEN IN TREATMENT FOR A YEAR-AND-A-HALF WITH NO PROGRESS MADE.

BOTTOM LINE, SHE SUFFERED A TRAUMA IN THIS ABANDONED TOWN CALLED SILENT HILL. I DON'T KNOW IF SHE WAS RAPED, GANG-RAPED, WITNESSED A MURDER, ALL OF THE ABOVE, OR SOMETHING WORSE...



BUT HER MIND'S TORTURING HER ABOUT IT. THE SHIT SHE'S THOUGHT UP TO REPRESENT AND OBFUSCATE HER TRUE MEMORIES IS IN THE ROOM WITH HER, AS REAL TO HER AS I AM.

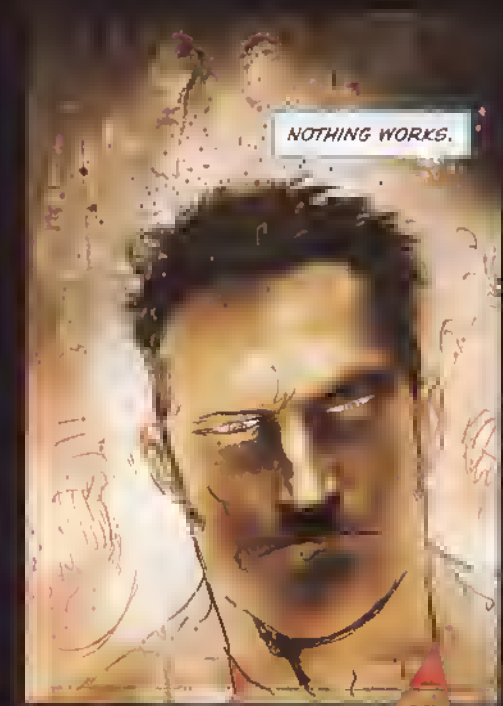


I TRY GOING AFTER NARCISSISTIC VULNERABILITY, OVERCOMING DENIAL OF RAGE, MASOCHISTIC PERSONALITY DISORDER.

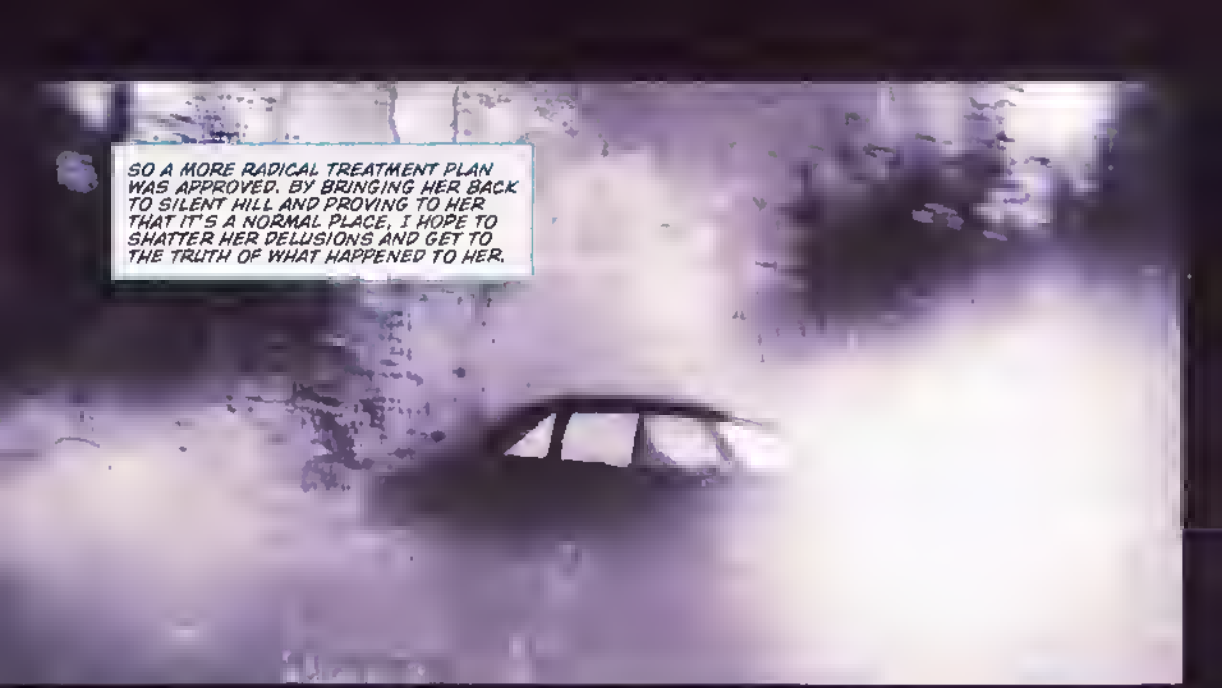
FOR WEEKS, WE RUN THROUGH EVERY ACT THE CLINICAL SIDESHOW HAS TO OFFER: EYE MOVEMENT DESENSITIZATION AND REPROCESSING, ENERGY PSYCHOTHERAPY, NEUROGENESIS, THERAPEUTIC HYPNOSIS, PSYCHOSOCIAL GENOMICS, MOLECULAR MEDICINE, HOLISTIC HEALING.




FINALLY IT COMES DOWN TO JUST SAYING "FUCK IT" AND MEDICATING THE SHIT OUT OF HER.



NOTHING WORKS.



SO A MORE RADICAL TREATMENT PLAN WAS APPROVED. BY BRINGING HER BACK TO SILENT HILL AND PROVING TO HER THAT IT'S A NORMAL PLACE, I HOPE TO SHATTER HER DELUSIONS AND GET TO THE TRUTH OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.

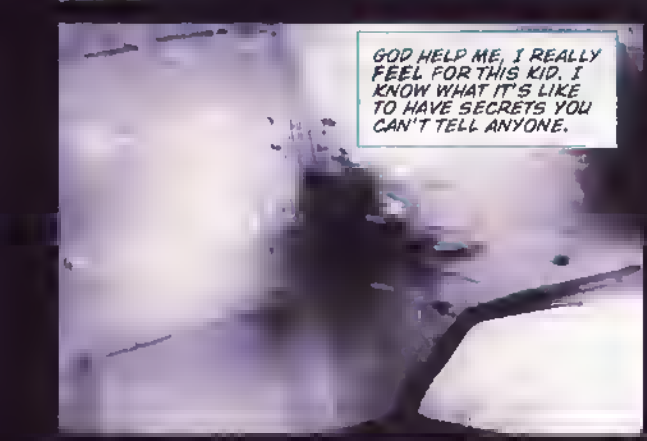


PATIENT FIRST VISITED SILENT HILL EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO IN HER CAPACITY AS A FILM STUDENT. HER INTENT WAS TO SHOOT STOCK FOOTAGE OF THE REPORTEDLY "ATMOSPHERIC" LOCALE FOR RESALE TO MAJOR STUDIOS.

SAID FOOTAGE HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND. LYNN CLAIMS IT WAS STOLEN AT THE HOSPITAL.



PRIOR TO THE NIGHT SPENT IN SILENT HILL, PATIENT WAS OUTGOING, VIVACIOUS, KIND.



GOD HELP ME, I REALLY FEEL FOR THIS KID. I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE SECRETS YOU CAN'T TELL ANYONE.



TO HAVE DONE THINGS—OR HAD THINGS DONE TO YOU—THAT YOU JUST CAN'T FACE.

PATIENT'S IDEOLOGY IS STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE WOUNDED LITTLE GIRL IN THE WHITE DRESS SYMBOLIZES LYNN'S LOST INNOCENCE.

THE MONSTERS ARE CLEARLY REPRESENTATIONS OF HER ATTACKERS. AND I WANT THOSE PEOPLE TO BE IDENTIFIED. I WANT THEM TO PAY.

I WANT HER TO GET CLOSURE.

JESUS, AM I TALKING ABOUT HER OR MYSELF?

I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WITH CONCERNS.

WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN OF ANYTHING. FOR INSTANCE, IN ASIAN CULTURE, WHITE IS THE COLOR OF DEATH, NOT PURITY. LYNN'S HOMETOWN HAD A LARGE ASIAN COMMUNITY.

NOW... YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN DEMONS? THE POWER OF THE DEAD OVER THE LIVING?

IN THE LITERAL SENSE? OF COURSE NOT.

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH MONSTERS IN THE WORLD WITHOUT HAVING TO MAKE UP CREATURE-FEATURE CRAP.

TROY, I WANT YOU TO TRY TO BE OPEN TO HER WAY OF SEEING THINGS...

...OTHERWISE,
WE MAY NEVER
REACH HER

ZYPREXA WITH
A RISPERDAL
CHASER. GOOD
SHIT, MUH?

YOU
DON'T HAVE THE
SLIGHTEST IDEA
WHAT'S GOING ON.
OR WHERE YOU
ARE.

...SAFE?

SURE.

IT'S BAD... IT'S BAD. I
KNOW, BUT I'M EXCITED.
I'M ALMOST GETTING
OFF ON THIS. IT'S LIKE
ME VERSUS THE
DEMONS IN HER HEAD,
AND I'M ABOUT TO KICK
SOME MAJOR LEAGUE—

WHAT THE
FUCK?

Bump!

WHAT'S A
GURNEY DOING
OUT HERE?

JESUS!



IT'S THE FUNNIEST THING...




HONEY, I'VE GOT THIS ITCH, RIGHT ON MY NECK.



s e x y

FOR SOME REASON, I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SCRATCH IT.



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, TROY?
YOU USED TO LOVE
WHEN I PUT ON
THIS OLD THING.
REMEMBER OUR
HONEYMOON?

JULIANNA?

IT'S JULIANNA, MY WIFE.

CAN'T BE!

SHE'S DEAD,
KILLED HERSELF

COME ON,
SWEETIE. I'VE
GOT SO MUCH TO
SHOW YOU...

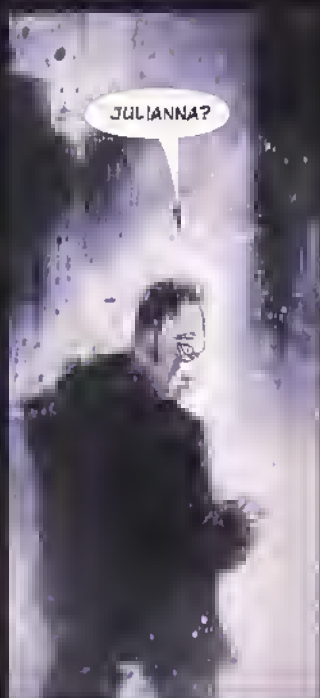
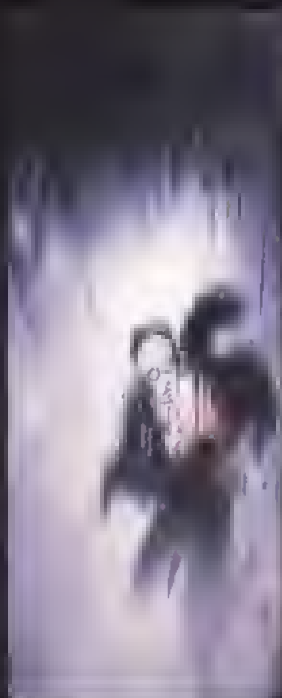
AFTER SHE FOUND
OUT WHAT I DID.

WAIT
HERE!

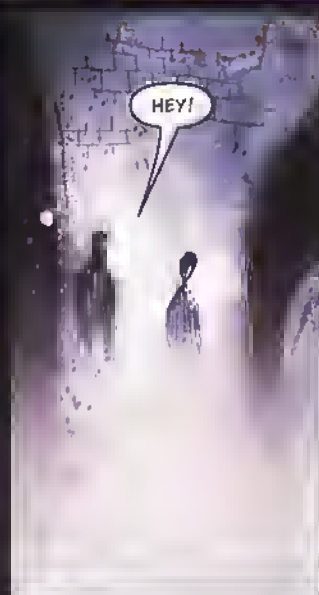
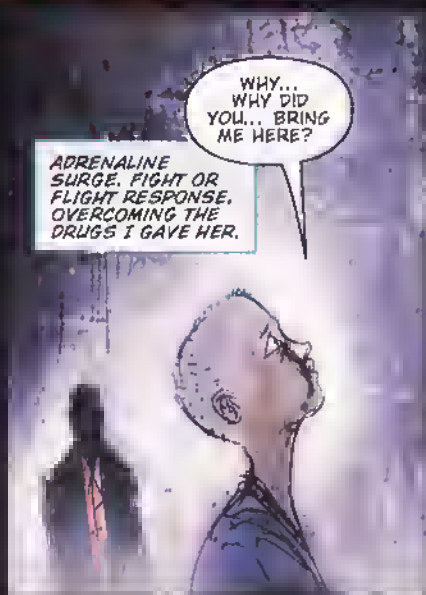
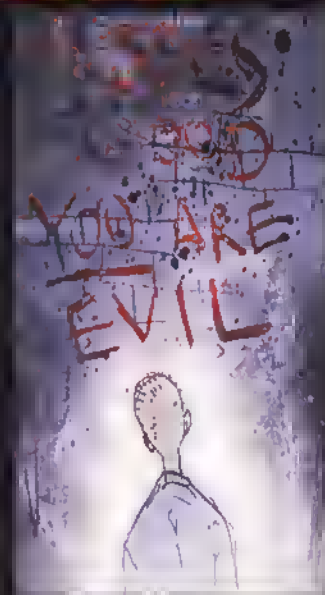
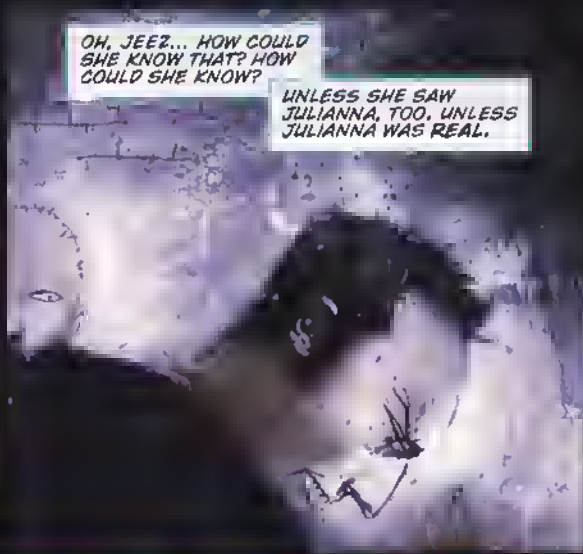
GUHHH...

I TRY TO DISASSOCIATE. NOT
TO FEEL. APPLY REASON.

I HOPE
YOU'RE UP FOR
THIS, DOCTOR.
WE'VE GOT A LOT
OF GROUND TO
COVER TODAY.

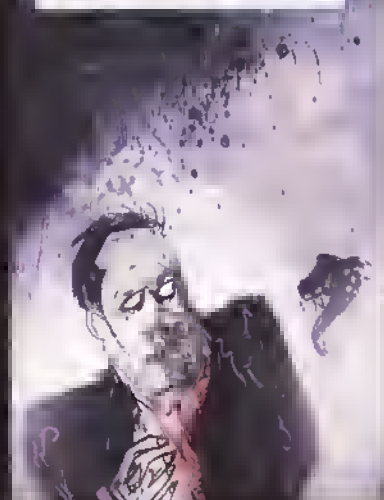








SOMETHING'S CAUSING THIS.
NOT THINKING STRAIGHT.



THE MIST. NOT NATURAL.
THERE MAY HAVE BEEN A
CHEMICAL SPILL. SOME
PSYCHOTROPIC DRUG
CAUSING HALLUCINATIONS.



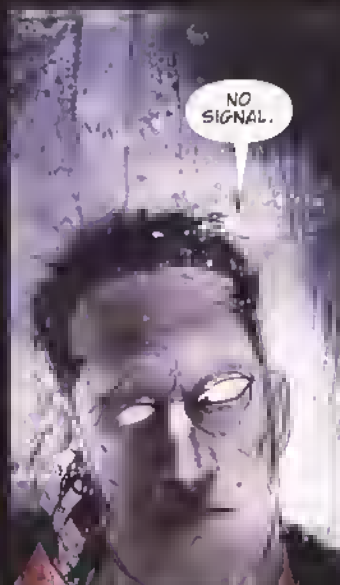
WE'VE GOTTA
GET OUT OF
HERE!

SON
OF A BITCH!
YOU FUCKING
BASTARD!





ALL FOUR TIRES
CHEWED TO
SHREDS. SHIT



NO
SIGNAL.



OH,
GOD...


WHY'D
YOU DO THIS
TO ME?




IT WAS DARK BEFORE.
LOCKED UP. NOW...



IN HERE!
IN HERE!



PEOPLE MAKE
SILLY FACES WHEN
THEY DIE. DID YOU
KNOW THAT?



SHE'S REAL.



SHE'S FUCKING REAL.



NO WAY IN HELL.



WE NEED WEAPONS. A WAY
TO CALL FOR HELP. THOSE
THINGS ARE STILL OUTSIDE.

I DIDN'T
THINK ANYONE
ELSE WAS
HERE.

SOMEONE'S
ALWAYS HERE.
YOU'RE NEVER
ALONE. NOT
HERE.

I'VE BEEN BITTEN, SCRATCHED, NEED ANTIBIOTICS, MIGHT BE INFECTED.

AND THOSE THINGS ARE OUT THERE...

BUT SHE CAN'T BE REAL. CAN'T BE. I WON'T LET HER.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

CHRISTABELLA.

YOU'RE HURT.

THE FLIES ARE A PAIN.

IT'S WORSE AT NIGHT. HALF THE TIME I FORGET WHERE I AM AND GO TO SLEEP. THEN I WAKE UP WITH THE DOGS PULLING THINGS OUT OF MY TUM-TUM.

THEY'RE... THEY'RE MOVING OFF. WE'RE GOING TO BE OKAY, THEY'RE GOING!

I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE.

YOU BROUGHT THE WRONG ONE

NOW YOU HAVE TO BE PUNISHED



I DIDN'T
MEAN—

I DIDN'T
WANT TO
COME BACK
HERE!

BOO-HOO.
I GIVE A
FUCK.

NO,
NO, NO...
NOT REAL...
CAN'T BE...

I AM...

...SURROUNDED...

...BY MONSTERS.

HE IS HERE.

WE ARE GOING TO DIE.

TO BE CONTINUED.